

EVENING BULLETIN.

MONDAY EVENING, OCT. 19, 1887.

THE MAELSTROM.—Bayard Taylor, in his last letter from the north of Europe, thus describes this marvel of the geographies:

On approaching the islands, we had a fair view of the last outposts of the group—the solid barriers against which the utmost fury of the Atlantic dashes in vain. This side of Væro lay the large island of Mosko, between which and a large solitary rock in the middle of the strait dividing them is the locality of the renowned Maelstrom—now, alas! almost as mythical as the kraken or great sea-serpent of the Norwegian fables. It is a pity that the geographical illusions of our boyish days cannot remain. You learn that the noise of Niagara can be heard 120 miles off, and that "some Indians, in their canoes, have ventured down it with safety." Well, one could give up the Indians without much difficulty, but it is rather discouraging to hear of the Falls Depot for the first time and hear no sound except "Cah, sir?" "Hotel, sir?" So of the Maelstrom, denoted on my school-boy map by a great spiral twist, which suggested to me a tremendous whirl of the ocean currents, aided by the information that "vessels cannot approach nearer than seven miles." It is true, moreover, there was a picture of a luckless bark, half way down the vortex. I had been warning my imagination, as we came up the coast, with Campbell's sonorous lines—

"Round the shores where ruin Odin
Howls his war-song to the gale,
Round the isles where loud Lofoden
Whirls to death the roiling whale."

and, as we looked over the smooth water toward Mosko, felt a renewed desire to make an excursion thither on our return from the North. But, according to Captain Rus, and other modern authorities which I consulted, the Maelstrom has lost all its terrors and attractions. Under certain conditions of wind and tide, an eddy forms of the strait, it is true, which may be dangerous to small boats, but the place is by no means so much dreaded as the Salten Fjord, where the tide, rushing in, is caught in such a manner as to form a bore, as in the Bay of Fundy, and frequently proves destructive to the fishing craft. It is the general opinion that some of the rocks which formerly made the Maelstrom so terrible have been worn away, or that some submarine convulsion has taken place, which has changed the action of the waters; otherwise, it is impossible to account for the reputation it once possessed.

ONE OF THE GIRLS.—In giving an account of the recent State Fair, the Milwaukee Sentinel says: Old Rock was out in all her glory. Her farmers showed crops that could not be beaten anywhere. Her firemen carried off the silver trophies in the relay races, and her prize-winners in the best display of horsemanship. I must mention, by the way, that Miss Cornstock, the winner of the first prize, and certainly as graceful, fearless, and skillful a rider as ever I saw on a side-saddle, is a farmer's daughter, and during the late harvest, when work was crowding and help scarce, drove a four-horse team before a reaper, day after day. Such are the men, women, and crops of Rock county, the pride and glory of Wisconsin.

A CURIOUS CASE OF IDENTITY.—A most extraordinary trial—one that may fairly rank among the causes celebres of the day—has just taken place in Cayuga, Canada West. On the night of the 18th of October, 1884, an atrocious murder was perpetrated in Haldimand county, under the following circumstances: A gang of five highwaymen, who had previously committed many depredations in the neighborhood, appeared, after dark, at the residence of John H. Nelles, a highly respectable citizen of the county. They agreed together that William Townsend, their recognized leader, should first enter the house alone, and, in pursuance of this plan, having disguised himself with false moustache and whiskers, Townsend knocked at the door. It was opened by Mr. Nelles in person, for all the other inmates appear to have retired to bed. The highwayman, as soon as he obtained admission, demanded gold, and being refused, a scuffle ensued, in which Mr. Nelles was shot by Townsend. The rest of the gang now entered and completed the robbery over the dead body of their victim.

Of the four men implicated in this crime one was killed by the policeman who attempted to arrest him; two were tried, convicted, and hung for the murder; and one, a lad of nineteen, was spared and admitted as evidence for the prosecution. Townsend, then a young man of one and twenty, escaped by shooting the officer who endeavored to effect his capture. It was in vain that every effort was subsequently made to discover the whereabouts of this very large reward was offered for his apprehension, and when months and years elapsed without any tidings of his whereabouts, people had almost ceased to remember the incidents of the murder and the other stories that were told of his crimes. Three years passed away, at the end of which time public excitement was suddenly revived on the subject. Townsend, it was asserted, had been arrested in Cleveland, Ohio.

He was examined there, and, being identified as the murderer and robber of Nelles by many witnesses, he was brought to Canada, and has recently undergone his trial in the county where his numerous offences were perpetrated. Hundreds of persons visit him in prison, but, strange to say, public opinion is completely and hopelessly divided as to whether he is or is not the murderer of Nelles. On this point the whole evidence of the trial has turned. There is abundance of proof that John H. Nelles was murdered and robbed by one Wm. Townsend, but is the prisoner that man? Twenty-six witnesses, brought up by the prosecution, swear positively that he is. Among these witnesses are some of the most respectable inhabitants of the county. They identify marks on the prisoner's body, many of them have known Townsend from childhood, and all certify to his identity, though they state that he is somewhat altered in appearance. The accomplice, who was pardoned, delivers his testimony in a clear, straightforward way. He minutely describes the details of the murder, and, after a long and searching cross-examination, his assertion that the prisoner is actually Townsend, the principal actor in the crime, is in the remotest degree shaken. The same remarks apply to other witnesses. Men and women—the prisoners—the murderer—the man upon the stand, and they, too, swear to his identity without prevarication or hesitation. In every respect, therefore, the proof seems complete, and the prisoner hopelessly convicted of the murder with which he is charged.

But the defence is now opened. Witness after witness appears, and solemnly declares that the prisoner is not the murderer Townsend. He does not even resemble him, they say. Townsend's hair was black and straight; the prisoner's, though very dark, has a slight curl. Townsend had small black eyes, a low forehead, and heavy eyebrows; the prisoner's eyes are blue and prominent, his forehead is high, and his brows are by no means remarkable. Townsend, they continue to assert, had no such marks as those that appear on the prisoner's person. As the defence progresses the mystery deepens. Townsend's mother and sisters are examined and cross-examined with all the ingenuity that counsel can devise, but they are cool and perfectly unmoved. They swear, unhesitatingly, that the prisoner is no relation of theirs. His own demeanor is a model for men in his trying position. He is imperturbable, and calmly submits to the examination of his body. His defence is purely a negative one; he does not say who he is or where he comes from; he simply says, "I am not Townsend." His appearance and demeanor are not prepossessing, and when arrested in Cleveland a loaded revolver and three bowie knives were found upon his person. Nevertheless, upon the evidence presented, it was almost impossible that the jury could find a verdict. They were unable to agree. In the mean time, the prisoner has been remanded, and, whatever his name be, he will now be tried for the murder of the policeman whom he is alleged to have killed in order to effect his escape. Curious revelations are expected.

N. Y. Times.

Quaint old Fuller says: "Let him who expects one class of society to prosper in the highest degree, while the other is in distress, try whether one side of his face can smile while the other is pinched."

A DISGRACEFUL LIASON.—A late number of the Courrier des Etats Unis contains the following narrative of a disgraceful liason:

Some time ago we had occasion to relate, as an incident of the current history of New York, a scandalous affair that took place at one of our most fashionable hotels. It was the story of a young man caught in a false position by an injured husband, and escaping by a flight as ridiculous as it was precipitate, the consequences of the unexpected surprise. In itself this occurrence is not such a rare one as to fix the attention long, for we are no longer strangers to all the immorality and libertinism that conceal themselves under the gilded mantle of our social elegance. We are far from being lovers of scandal; but there are cases—and this one was of the number—in which it seems to us that we are performing a duty to the community, and rendering a service to perhaps numerous families, in calling attention to facts derived from the most authentic sources. The example may, besides, diminish the chance of analogous dangers, and blast with signal contempt crimes which would be more easily renewed, if they were not known.

The occurrence related by us was not, as we ourselves supposed, the result of an impulse of passion or of an imprudence born of an occasion too full of temptations. It was the consequence of long and shameful maneuvering, of an incredible oppression and of a mercenary avidity without scruple and without shame—in a word, the exploitation, not even under form of love, but by means of intimidation and of the force of the purse and pecuniary resources, of a woman timorous and submissive to a long martyrdom.

Let the facts speak for themselves: Some years since, Mrs. Z., being seriously unwell, and entertaining small hopes of a speedy recovery of health, was taken by her husband to Paris, where it was hoped that change of climate and medical skill would fight to greater advantage the peculiar disorders with which her nervous system was affected. But the course of treatment was long; and, as important affairs compelled the return of Mr. Z. to America, he was obliged to leave his wife in France to the care of a family of compatriots and friends. It was then that a deplorable mischance threw the convalescent into relations with one of those young Americans, who are beggary gentlemen of leisure and unprincipled vagabonds, and who, having made their escape from the family circle and left the parental roof, have no other aim in a foreign country than to gratify their taste for pleasure by all possible means without ever weighing against their vanity any scruple of personal dignity or self-respect.

Ready to engage in any plan of raising the wind, young X. was not slow to understand that, out of a woman deprived of the double protection of her husband and of her family, an excellent speculation might be made. Dissembling at first the baseness of his designs, he devoted himself to the sick lady, and easily inspired her with an affectionate gratitude which he was not slow to impose upon. The first care of X., when admitted to the place of a friend, was to borrow systematically at first small sums, and then larger amounts. No account was kept with a man who gave such proofs of devoted attention. Sometimes he restored a part of what he had received; but with a female delicacy all reference to the subject by her was avoided, and when, after an intimate acquaintance of more than a year, Madame Z. was about to return to America, there was a balance in her favor of about \$1,600 which her borrower owed her.

After she had departed he was not slow in perceiving that it would be difficult for him to continue to exercise his industry in Paris where there was no likelihood of finding another woman disposed to pay for his interested pretences of love. It naturally occurred to him to continue his disgraceful liason upon this side of the Atlantic, and with this view he managed to enter Mrs. Z. into a correspondence which put into his hands a series of letters that compromised her, and constituted proofs of the existence of the most criminal relations between them. This feat accomplished, he repaired to the United States, armed with those papers on the use of which he had calculated.

He might then have been seen in his Parisian dress, still disheveled, his hair carefully parted in the middle in front, rings on his fingers, chains on his waistcoat, sometimes upon Broadway, sometimes at the opera. But, not being able to pay his expenses in New York, he went South, where his victim had been for some months under the conjugal roof. There he threw off the mask and commenced playing a rôle fit only for such a filthy snail. He no longer endeavored to obtain Mrs. Z.'s money by entreaties, but by menaces and constant intimidation. He must have money. Should she refuse it him, he would publish her letters—he would send them to her husband—and she should be driven from her home an outcast—should be pointed at in the streets. Money only could purchase his silence.

Terrified and distracted, the unhappy woman dared refuse him nothing. To preserve her reputation—to obtain a momentary peace—she devoted to him the sum of \$100, her monthly allowance from her husband. But this amount was far from satisfying the miserable man, who expended it all in debauchery. He must have more. The poor woman had nothing to satisfy him but besides her jewels, laces, and shawls. These she sold to pay his debts and his board, for which, for example, he was \$250 in debt. Feeble in mind and body, the poor woman submitted to this revolting treatment until, at last, wretched and so hardened as to strike her, when she said it was impossible to keep him constantly supplied with such sums.

At length, in the hope of extricating herself from these affronts and violence, she fled to the shore of the Mississippi, where she was joyfully received by some near relations. There at last she hoped she had escaped from the odious persecutions which had embittered her existence. Vain delusion! She was followed by letters, menacing, implacable, and odious, giving her neither rest nor breathing space, and suspending night and day over her head imminent dishonor, ruin beyond recovery.

Later, she came to the North, and her venal persecutor again dogged her steps. In Boston and New York, in private houses and in hotels, she was still followed by odious persecutions. The friend once so devoted was now but a vulgar rascal who stole her jewelry from her trunk, who destroyed the portrait of her mother in order to raise money on its setting of pearls. The least reproach was followed with gross abuse and brutal violence. X. would upset the dinner-table in excess of drunken fury. He disgraced her lovely features by blows with his fist. He tore her very garments from her body.

We stop here, without completing a picture which rivals, if it does not surpass, the most feverish pages of Eugene Sue. These shameful mysteries have been unveiled only when the discovery which the unhappy woman dreaded so much took place by an accident. This long torment has borne its fruits, and no one will be astonished to learn that she who has been the victim should be to-day in a house where health and affected reason are cared for together. What will surprise, moreover, is the fact that the miserable woman who descended to such vile practices was not canonized to death, as he ought to have been. He has disappeared, having left plenty of his portraits in one, at least, of our photographic galleries.

This narrative is not the result of details picked up in chance conversation, and published for love of scandal. It is founded upon an affidavit drawn up by the victim herself of this sad story, and signed by her under oath. The prosecution, of which this affidavit was designed to be the basis, has been necessarily abandoned, in consequence of one of those defects of the law so common in this country.

Every married man should let his wife have the management of the home department, and give her, as secretary, the control of the different bureaus. Don't let her have anything to do with the rear department.—Exchange.

Then how is she to bring the *infamy* up to the "breast works," we should like to know, in case of an "attack of the measles"? It is evident the writer of the above has never been in many "engagements."—New Haven Register.

THE MADDENED VICTIM.—Under this head the Concordia Intelligencer of the 23d inst. has the following:

On Saturday last, as the shooting for beef was in progress at the Pharsalia race track, near Natchez, a fine, well conditioned steer, one of the prizes to be shot for, was turned into a large yard, when he instantly made a furious attack upon everything he saw. He tossed one person on his horns as high as the roof of the adjacent stables; then plunged at another (the worthy Major Edward, postmaster of Natchez), tore open his coat sleeve, and goring and bruised his left arm beneath the sleeve. He took a particular fancy to the Major, who fled to a kitchen, but could not close the door against him. While engaged thus, the laughter and panic of the first furious onset had subsided so far as to convince the ruffian around that the maddened beast must be dispatched, or he would dispatch every mother's son of them. They opened upon him, and four rifle shots only made him more furious. He plunged at a negro driver boy, sitting in a buggy, who saved himself by a leap over the side and hiding himself under the wheels. While the steer drew back to gain headway and take sure aim against the frightened African beneath the buggy, a fifth rifle shot did the beast's business for him.

"Boo, ad humum proculibit."

In comparison, a Havana bull fight was nowhere.

(From the Albany Journal.)

FINANCIAL AFFAIRS.—We are in the twelfth week of panic. If this is a "crisis," it is a long one.

The banks are strong, but apprehensive. Though they have more specie in their vaults than ever before, they do not like to spare it even to their best customers. Though they are doubly fortified against losses, they are constantly accused of being weak. Though their secured bills are as good as gold, they are objects of hourly suspicion to frightened bill holders. Though their circulation is also greatly decreased, they are still decreasing it by withdrawing their notes, and redeeming their securities at the bank department.

The stock market has ceased to be an index of values. Good stocks are small because no one has spare cash to invest in them. The supply is too large because their owners must have cash to meet pressing necessities. So they go down, down, far below what both buyer and seller know to be their real worth.

The merchants, with a zealous regard for credit that cannot be too much praised, strain every nerve to meet their engagements. Cut off from customary help at bank on one hand, unable to make customary collections on the other, and compelled not unfrequently by their neighbors to "pay both sides of the bill book," the wonder is not that so many but that so few have failed.

The avenues of trade are lifeless. River crafts lie idle. You can walk miles along the canal and not meet a boat. Boatmen are begging food and lodging at this their "busy time of year." Not one barrel of flour or bushel of grain comes to market where three have come heretofore.

Factories are closed. Wheel and spindle have stopped. Looms stand silent. The hammer rasts, and the fire has gone out under the forge. Hard handed men, willing and able to work, spend their enforced idleness in looking gloomily at the coming winter and wondering where they are to get their bread.

Out in the country barns are piled full of heaps and heaps of grain. Corn hoes overflow with golden ears. Cattle feast and fatten on luxuriant abundance. But the farmer sits despondent by his October fire. He has food for the world, to sell, but the world does not come to buy.

This is a dismal picture, but not a hopeless one. If it shows that we are paralyzed and panic-stricken, it shows that we are rich in resources and ability. "But money is scarce." There has not been so much specie in the State for years. "We have lived too extravagantly." True, but we have turned over a new leaf, and never were more disposed to be economical. "We have invested too much in high-priced railroad stocks." The temptation to that error is removed from us, for there are no high-priced ones now; and, purchased at the prices they are selling at now, the poorest road can be run with gain. "We have imported too largely."

Inquire at the custom-house, and you will see that we have not imported too largely in debt abroad. Never had we a more bountiful harvest to pay our debts with, or greater facilities for getting it to market, if we will but use them. Grant all our sins, of omission and commission—we have repented of them and are reforming. The worst is over when we set our faces toward the right road. We are in a swamp, but abundantly able to get out, unless we are too frightened to move. We do not need now lectures on extravagance and heedlessness, but confidence—confidence in ourselves and confidence in the good sense and honesty of the West. But centuries of distrust piled on age after age of panic will not and cannot help men out of financial or any other trouble.

THE EFFECTS OF THE PANIC.

To the Editors of the New Orleans Picayune: The monetary crisis through which we are now passing has been most closely observed by me, and the effects are already, in my opinion, beginning to be felt. For instance, the keeper of the Ronconi coffee-house, which place I sometimes honor with my patronage, used to put at least three spoonfuls of brandy in a "smash," while now the quantity is reduced to two scant spoonfuls, and I will not do violence to my feelings by speaking of the quality. Anyhow, if half what a New Orleans boatman said about it be true, the man who keeps the Ronconi coffee-house would, were I on the bench, have an opportunity to do the State some service. However scrupulous the man and his cashier, it is all on account of the panic. To this cause, I must also ascribe the weakness of the coffee I have drank for the last two days at my hotel. One of my neighbors at the table, more irritable than myself, muttered something about "burnt peas." I would not have you, however, for a moment believe that I put any faith whatever in this insinuation.

These gentlemen, are undoubtedly strong proofs of the effects of the panic, but I can, if necessary, produce still stronger ones. For instance, my washerwoman, a most respectable lady from the Emerald Isle, and who, except an occasional exhilaration of spirits, is a most worthy woman, and the best of mothers when she is sober, now takes the precaution of keeping one or two of my shirts back for fear that I might suspend specie payment. This, I confess, rather inconvenient; but Mrs. O'Neal (this is the name of my washerwoman, and she is descended, so she assures me, from a race of Irish Kings) says the present state of the money market requires her to adopt some such precautionary measures. Be this, however, as it may, I was surprised at the fine shirt her son Jerry, a lad of fourteen years, wears; they are very fine shirts, and fit for any "jintleman," and the one I saw on his back last week looked precisely like one of my own.

But to come back to the panic, I must give you another proof and a still stronger one, if possible. My friend Scroggs—Scroggs is a great friend of mine; he always meets me at the Ronconi coffeehouse—well, my friend Scroggs was one day last week seated with another friend at the Ronconi, playing dominoes for sherry-cobblers. Scroggs lost, and was asked by the landlady to pay for the drinks. Scroggs, in a hesitating manner, the stutterers' manner—said he had the panic, and was broke. The barkeeper, a very choleric man, who always "lets his angry passions rise" brought his foot in contact with Scroggs's body, and propelled my friend Scroggs out of doors.

Such, gentlemen, are some of the sad effects of the present panic. Undoubtedly there are many more of which the world will never know. What cares the world for these? The world is callous. I have ample proof of this every day. The other morning some one read that the mantle of the lamented Power had fallen on Master Stewart, a boy scarce ten years old. I ventured to express a hope that the dear boy had not been hurt by the accident, and would you believe it? all in the room laughed, and one cried out "Good, good!" Do you believe it?

PEPPER CORN.

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For sale by all Druggists. J. S. Morris & Sons agents, Louisville, Ky. No. 211 E. 10th & 11th Sts.

M. B. SWAIN, No. 450 Jefferson street, opposite Owen's Hotel, INTENDS TO SELL AT COST GENTLE- MENT'S FURNISHING GOODS, and will also make to order Coats, Pants, and Vests on the same terms, provided he can get his rent, groceries, &c., free of charge; if not, he will make up at a small advance above cost in No. 1 style of hats, Cashmere, and Vestings, and most respectfully invites his friends to call and satisfy themselves that bargains can be obtained.

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Wanted. A GERMAN WOMAN, who can come well recommended as a good cook, washer, ironer, and milkmaid, to go to a country about seven miles from the city. For particulars, inquire of J. A. HUNTER, at this office. 09 J61203

BOARDING. TWO or three families and several young men can be accommodated with boarding either by the day or week. Apply at No. 550 Jefferson street, north side, a few doors below Old Fellows' Hall. 07 b6J

NOTICE. The undersigned would take this method of returning his thanks to his friends and the public for the liberal patronage he has received during the past 10 years. Having resumed business, he may be found, for the present, at the Show-Case Factory, No. 214 Green Street, between Third and Fourth, adjoining his old stand, where all orders for PAINTING, GLAZING, &c., will be promptly attended to at prices to suit the times. 05 b6J417 JNO. H. HOWE.

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106 Fourth street, between Market and Jefferson, WOULD respectfully announce to her friends and customers of the city and its vicinity that, having just returned from the North with the largest and most complete assortment of

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June 2d 1871

PICTURES. 477 Main street, between Fourth and Fifth.

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STRUCTURES of old or recent date effectually cured in a few days by an operation which causes no pain. Where a stricture exists, general derangement of the whole constitution must ensue, a continuance of which will bring on a train of symptoms to be dreaded, and will undermine the constitution and cause premature old age.

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Dr. King, abroad, by writing and stating their cases, with a fee enclosed (post paid), can have the medicine sent to their address, with necessary directions for using the same. The strictest secrecy observed in all cases. 011 J61217 17 Office hours at the Dispensary from 9 o'clock in the morning until 9 in the evening. 05 weewly

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A CARD. We would respectfully call the attention of the public to a MARINE BAROMETER placed in the window, showing the exact time. It is entirely of American manufacture, and has been exhibited at the World's Fair in Paris in competition with the best London and French Chronometers, and also at the World's Fair in New York, and in every instance has received the highest premium for unequalled workmanship and correct time-keeping.

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PHYSICIAN'S VISITING LIST for 1888 received and for sale by C. HAGAN & CO., No. 507 Main st. 07 J6B

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